The
COMMONWEAL

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The Moral of Victory

SUCH victory as that in North Africa naturally, and in its heartening effect, conjures forth a torrent of discussion and congratulation and analysis. There remains almost nothing to say that has not been said, no bravery to praise that has not been praised. The strategical and tactical advantages of this our joint victory will only be fully understood and appreciated as the war progresses and in terms of its progress. . . . All that has been adequately expounded by the press.

The victory is also moral. Remember how sad was the situation along this northern coast of a great continent less than a year ago. Vichy French forces were petrifying in French North Africa, under the baneful eye of a German armistice commission, the purpose of which was to squeeze every advantage it could out of a document always interpreted unilaterally. The long stretch of Libya and a big piece of Egypt were in the hands of an Axis army, under command of a brilliant general, and equipped to the queen's taste. Now we learn that the principal reason this position was not even worse was the cool decision at an incredible moment in 1940, when England lay under a threat greater than any that has menaced her for a century, to send armored reinforcements—among the very few she had—to Egypt. And we learn that this decision was made by one man against the advice of many of his counsellors, a man whose moral courage has never been in doubt, however little one may like some aspects of his political toughness.

So we probably owe the happy outcome more to Winston Churchill than to any single person. He decided to stake some of his last shillings on Egypt; later he personally picked the generals who brilliantly swept the Eighth Army from ancient Alexandria to ancient Carthage. And once more we are brought up short at the fact that leadership matters, that it has its effect upon history, that we have been too much inclined to give too great a weight to merely material elements, to sheer mass. For even when we come down to detail, we find that it was a gambling decision by our own General Eisenhower which saved us from getting into a worse mess in Tunisia than the mess we had to clean up. And the willingness to take risks, to take what are sometimes desperate, foolhardy risks is the hallmark of the sort of leadership without which mass is unavailing.

From old Carthage to old Sicily, to old Greek Italy, the ancient foot of Italy, is a short way. From Dover to Calais has always been a short if stormy way. There are other paths now open, less short, but short enough. Which of these we shall take, which Rubicon we shall cross, matters far less than a renewed confidence that we have—and despite all discouraging incompetence in high places—Caesars with the heart and temper to cross them.

Eating and Having Our Cake

POLITICS is throwing a block on many of the measures that would enable the country to make a real stab at holding the price line. There are too many political angles. It is rather rudimentary that the extension of the sales tax to a much wider list of commodities would be extremely beneficial. But this is ruled out as too unpopular politically to be considered. Mr. Davis's contention, that the subsidies to enable producers and processors to maintain prices at a profit ultimately are paid through taxes anyhow, overlooks the fact that such sums, under the present dispensation, would come from those who are most heavily taxed already.

Rolling back prices is all the rage with labor at the moment, although Mr. Brown's first reductions do not seem nearly big enough to satisfy this important political constituency. A start has been made, but the first reductions do not go very far. The Farm Bloc still holds out for sky-limit commodity prices if they can get them. This is what they call "letting prices find their natural level." The Administration's estimates of subsidy costs appear blessedly small. And by securing reduction of price ceilings through by-passing Congress, which may still be stringing along with the inflationary Farm Bloc, the Administration may be setting an unhappy precedent for unitary executive action. There are too many political angles.

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In a national crisis such as this one, is there no way of getting done what should be done? Britain and Canada may not have handled inflation as successfully as their over-all figures would at first make it appear, but they have been in the war far longer and have controlled prices more effectively than we. Can it be that lobbyists, members of Congress and Administration executives fail to realize the extent of the havoc that would result from runaway inflation? Even those who do realize it have failed to bring forward a feasible comprehensive program.

There is still no end of partial suggestions. One of these is the "excessive income tax," similar in principle to the excess profits tax in that a sharp increase in personal income—from $2,500 to $6,000, say—would be much more heavily taxed than a more or less fixed income of the same amount. This is on the theory that it is the people with unaccustomed sums to spend that constitute a large part of the inflation danger. This might work considerable injustice on certain hitherto depressed families, the same way families with modest fixed incomes are now being penalized. More popular, politically and every other way, would be a sharp increase in taxes for the "hot spots" and night clubs which are everywhere making such a killing in these war boom days. But no one could seriously propose this as a real contribution to meeting the inflation danger.

There simply is no one solution, or series of solutions, which will be politically popular or completely welcome to every social group. All must pay. Real sacrifices will have to be required of everyone at home if we are to beat inflation.

International Conferences and the Press

FOR the past several weeks there has been considerable outcrying done against the limitations which have been placed upon attendance by the press at international conferences. The whole problem is complicated by the very simple human fact that you cannot thrash out an agreement between representatives of countries whose interests differ, without a certain amount of privacy.

Yet secret treaties remain an abomination, and the public, the people, have a right to know what their representatives do and why they do it. By a process of trial and error our society has achieved a working arrangement whereby the activities of national and local legislatures are adequately open to the press, as are also the findings of our courts. No technique seems yet to have been worked out in the United States for international gatherings.

Probably a formula will be worked out as more of these conferences are held; we would like to suggest two principles which we feel are minimal. First of all, such conferences should not be held in places where it is almost impossible for the press to be present. Bermuda and Hot Springs from this point of view were inexcusably bad choices. The second rule should be that at all purely "fact finding" sessions the press should be admitted, just as it is admitted while evidence is being taken at a trial or by a legislative committee. If these two principles were freely accepted, we believe that much could be accomplished to clear the air of present suspicion.

Slipping One over the Corner

IT'S a wonderful world: while we sleep, while we breathe, things go on happening, important things, and you and I aren't one little IQ point the wiser. Take radio, for instance. Wonderful thing, radio. Why, only the other day in Chicago the National Association of Broadcasters got together and decided that no radio time could be either sold or given to organizations for the solicitation of membership. And nobody would have known a thing about it if that meddlesome little sheet, *Variety* (entertainment journal), hadn't mentioned the fact and asked the impertinent question: "Is radio to be an exclusive privilege of the merchants?" What a joy forever is a nice, tight little economic oligarchy!

There is no need for alarm, however: exceptions will be made for "the American Red Cross or like organizations engaged in charitable work." And the kings and princes of the Sacred Greenback need never fear: further exceptions will be made "where such memberships are incidental to the rendering of commercial services such as an insurance plan."

Cooperatives? Trade unions? Let me ask you a question, young man. Do you think that in this great land of ours we should allow the powerful medium of radio to be used as an instrument of revolution? Of course, we give 15 minutes every Sunday afternoon to the CIO and AFL, to be used alternately. That seems safe enough. Nobody feels very revolutionary on Sunday afternoon with all that food in them. Ha, ha. Naturally we wouldn't *sell* them any time, though. It's true, we did have to sell time to the cooperatives, but we made it quite clear that they could only talk about cooperatives (the sponsor's product) for three minutes out of every fifteen. That fixed their wagon. Rather clever of us, don't you think?

Let's be frank, young man. We know we've got a good thing here. We're making plenty of money and the people who give us that money are the business men and manufacturers of America. Why should we help somebody who's going to cut in on their profits? It doesn't make sense, does it now. . . .

They do say that the English radio—owned by the government—is inclined to be on the dull side. But maybe a little honest dullness would be a blessing for a change.

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French Policy

LAST WEEK, on this page, George de Santillana went all *aut aut*. *Either* the "Washington statesmen" (always the same suggestion of cabal) will support General de Gaulle, a "certain candid absolutism," a "new way of life" springing from "the independence and the wishes of the living part of France which is the French underground," *or,* they will provide General Giraud with the "food weapon," bring him victorious to France, the "one glorious and ballyhooed conqueror" with "his half million African troops" (Franco?) so that he may set up some sort of safe and sane "easily digested" government in the interests of the "right people." If the "Washington statesmen" persist in their present policy then "later, much later, Americans will be asking themselves in deep puzzlement why it was that Europe exploded in their faces."

Mr. de Santillana talks like Pétain. There is the "rotten carcass" of pre-war French and European society—and there is the "new way of life." That's all there is. Ah, Robespierre.

It is time we are done with this black and white disposal of human beings. The underground? All France is buried underground in defeat; all France aspires to freedom. The new way of life? It is the old way of life, before defeat, before imprisonment, before fear, the old feeling of freedom, the breath drawn freely in the open, outside the prison, the word spoken freely without fear. The new way of life is only the old search for truth, the old debate. The underground is not a political party, it is not a cartel of political parties; the underground is the unanimous desire of France to be freed from German constraint. The new way of life desired by the vast majority of Frenchmen is the way of life they knew before they were conquered; it is the way of life we know who are not conquered.

That is why the name of General de Gaulle in so far as it represents the will of France to be freed from Germans, in so far as it has represented France's refusal of vassalage, has rallied men of every political tendency in France. That is why the name of General Giraud, in so far as it represents the African victory, in so far as it will come to represent an army and the growing hope of liberation, echoes now throughout France. That is why the name Roosevelt, the name Montgomery, the name Churchill, the name Camacho, the name Stalin, the common American name of Jones, the common British name of Jones, the unknown names of unknown privates in all the United Forces, the names of the murdered Dutch, of the tortured Jews, unpronounceable Czech names, Russian names, Chinese names are all names welcomed in France; they combine, all of them, to make the sound of victory and liberation.

There are so many names that they form no one name. It is essential that they should form no one name, save the name Victory. It is essential that the proposal to liberate France should be unqualified. The armies marching to liberate France are marching to turn the Germans out of France. They are not marching to turn the communists out of France or the bourgeois out of France. They are not marching to turn the timid, the weak-willed, the drunkard, the village idiot out of France. They are not marching to turn the atheist, the priest out of France. The armies march against the Germans.

If anything could be perfect in this world the Generals would be generals. De Gaulle would be a general; Giraud a general; and the political parties, the interests—the good, the bad and the indifferent parties and interests—which lobby round headquarters would wait until after victory, and then each one of them would speak to the French people. For there will be democracy again in France or will there not? But the temptation is too great: they cannot wait; they cannot leave the Generals alone; they want to reenter France each one with his general; each one with a head start. If there were enough French generals there would be a general for the communists, a general for heavy industry, a general for the Christian Trade Unions, a general for the radical-socialists. . . . There are but two French generals—one for the workers of the eleventh hour, and he is not forgiven.

The workers of the eleventh hour often are dumb or unlucky. The soldiers of the French African forces are mostly soldiers taking orders—from officers who obeyed orders to fight against Americans and then to fight with Americans—who, properly, never made up their minds for themselves. And in France too there are a lot of Frenchmen who have simply been trying to find food for their families. There are a lot of heroes and a lot of people who are not heroes. There are a lot of Frenchmen who want a new republic, a better one; there are a lot of Frenchmen who know only that they want the Germans out of France.

And then of course there are the wise boys who are trying to hedge their first and reckless bets. And of course they are not heroes either. There are not so many of them.

But that is life; that is France. If Europe explodes in our faces, it will not be because we refused to perform for Frenchmen the work they will perform in freedom for themselves; it will not be because we refuse to make a choice that only they can make; it will not be because we stuck to the business of freeing France from the Germans. It will not be because our affection goes to the French and not to some of the French.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Two Poems

A Gentle Tribute to the Burros of My Country

Translated from the Spanish by Margaret H. Harrison

I

Burro of St. Joseph and the coal merchant,
Sad conveyance shared alike by the poor vagabond
And the conceited bloated rich;
Who, trotting along each day has to endure
The sour sweat of the peasant
Returning with fragrant fruits,
Gray yucca, green bananas,
Wild cucumber from the forest,
And the graceful intricate leaves
Of the coriander, large and small.

II

If the pregnant woman is far advanced
Let her ride the burro;
If the old man can hardly take a step
Because Mother Earth is calling him back to her,
Let him ride the burro.
If the boy is somewhat over young
To carry milk into the city,
Let him then ride on the burro.
Burro of St. Joseph and the rural sharper,
Of the accordion player and of the teacher
Who has combed gray hair for thirty years;
Burro who carries the holy oils,
Burro of a sad, short infancy
With your drawn out old age filled with deeper sadness.

III

When you were young, yours were sweet innocent eyes,
Long hair, meekness,
And unthinking love
For the fragile shadows of the bayahonda berries,
Later, long dejected ears
Dead, like two useless shells,
Upon a noble anguished face.
Still later, the bitter grief of the long road,
The excessive loads,
The red and opaque sores,
And at long intervals,
The little white hand of a
Boy who gently caresses
The aching blubber lips where the thorns
Find no place where their claws have not torn.

IV

Later, the wide grassy plain,
The thistles, of blooming yellow,
The inaccessible grazing food,
The blows from rocks,
The insults,
The hard stones that little by little tear
The hairless skin
And the thousands of blows rained
On buttocks, legs and mouth.

V

Burro of St. Joseph and the coal merchant,
Sad and slow vehicle that unites
The rural and the pauper creatures
With the urbane pretense of the village,
Burro of the useless and merry infancy,
And of the old age that, like that of all of us,
Lingers in the door which swings wide open
Into the vistas of another world.

HECTOR INAUCHASTEGUI CABRAL.

A Birthday in War-time

Missolonghi: 1824

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."
Byron.

Like Marathon's, these meadows stand
  Between the mountains and the sea;
And here he was, who dreamed the land
  Of Greece might still be free.

The patriot army that he raised,
  And paid out of his private purse,
And fed and clothed, and chid and praised,
  Left him no time for verse.

But once, at night, there came a pause
  In thoughts of militant politics,
For this a poet's birthday was:
  Byron was thirty-six.

Rebel and cynic, wit and lover,
  Poet, gentleman, and lord,
Famous now the wide world over,
  Hated and loved—and bored—

The spoiled young darling of his times,
  Exile, and wanderer by choice,
And, in an age of crowns and crimes,
  Freedom's loud laughing voice—

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What were his birthday thoughts? At first
Of youth, and love and all its flowers—
Faded, alas! His loves were cursed
To end in bitterest hours.

And with the pen he used to ease
The passions of a mind volcanic,
He scribbled down, himself to please,
His bitterness Byronic.

Boyish enough it seems today,
For fashions change: not so are spoken
Our griefs of love—what of it, pray,
If someone's heart be broken.

And so he thought, and so he said:
Why upon heartbreak waste his breath?
Now he could rest him in the bed
Of honorable death:

"Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

He wished to die for Freedom? Strange!
Yet Byron, damned for lust and pride,
Found one sin not within his range—
None said that Byron lied.

His wish came true—his life was rounded
With glory in a hero's bed;
And through the world's young hearts resounded:
Byron for Liberty is dead!

The years go by, and fades the scroll,
And sunk is Byron's blazing star;
And yet it seems his Titan soul
Did make us all we are:

Exiles that now to rule aspire,
We march, whose springtime dreams are dying,
Against the despot and the liar,
With Freedom's banner, torn but flying!

FLOYD DELL.

Religion in England

What it means to most Englishmen.

By **Donald Attwater**

IN THE ISSUE of this review of September 25, 1942, writing about educational work in his Britannic Majesty's armed forces, I made the remark that "In my experience there is only one thing the average Englishman-in-arms is less likely to become than a communist, and that is a Catholic."

It has been suggested that I should amplify that statement. The suggestion is a very proper one: but to comply with it at all adequately would involve discussion of the whole matter of religion in contemporary England and then of the position and prospects of the Catholic Church among English people—and these topics would require not an article but a volume. Nevertheless, lest I incur the charge of chucking a brick and then running away, I must try and set down what seem to me some of the important factors of the situation.

Great Britain is a nation in arms, and the numerous soldiers with whom I come into contact are a representative cross-section of the population; in particular, they provide a picture of what has to be called "the average man" or "man-in-the-street." Such generalizations, and those that follow, are dangerous and tricky; but if they be not made no discussion of topics such as this is possible at all. And after thirty years of adult life in this country, and recent intensive experience of the average man individually and in bulk, I do not hesitate to affirm that the people of Great Britain as a whole are at bottom a religious people. It is on the whole taken for granted that man is dependent on some power outside and above himself, that is, on God, however confusedly and inadequately the idea of God may be understood; and that, on the other hand, man has power over himself and what is less than himself, that he can know—somehow or other—good from evil, that he can be—and ought to be—responsible master of his own acts.

I dare go further, and affirm that this foundation of religion is specifically Christian, in that the name of Jesus Christ stands for one who, at the very least, had a unique relation with God and was the supreme exemplar of what a man should be and do.

Obviously this attempt to represent an average basis is an over-statement for many ordinary people and a very grave under-statement for many others, notably for those who consciously and sin-

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cerely adhere to one or another of the organized Christian bodies. But for all that it is a Christian heritage, a bequest of the twelve centuries during which the current Christianity was the warp on which the cloth of English life was woven—however rough or weak or flimsy or corrupt that warp may often have been. If we British are concerned for truth and justice and freedom it is as heirs of an ages-old Christian tradition, rather than as legatees of a recent secularized liberal-democracy (whose part in upholding those values, however, must not be underrated).

For vast numbers, perhaps for a majority, of English people religion begins and ends with a vague apprehension of the fundamental intuitions just referred to, accompanied by a more or less conscious attempt—often feeble, sometimes heroic—to "do one's duty," to "live decently." I implore my readers not to minimize or undervalue the significance and worth of this. I am horrified by the state of mind of and the harm done by those Christians (many of them Catholics) who minimize this "decency," even decry it: who measure it up by the ideal of spiritual ("supernatural") life set before us by Saint Paul, and then dismiss it, sometimes with a sneer. It was precisely this "decency" that prompted an experienced German priest to say a few years ago that he thought the English the most Christian people in Europe. (Personally, I don't approve of *that* sort of generalization, but that is what he said.)

★

Beyond this elementary Christian religiousness there is a petrifying ignorance of any deeper and more mature Christianity, as manifested in history and contemporary fact. For millions Jesus Christ is a name of reverence; but as for when and where he lived and the events and meaning of his life . . . nothing. And as for the Holy Spirit—they "have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Spirit." (This is not an isolated form of ignorance: we English tend to be grossly ignorant of most important things except our own jobs—hence my own job in these days). To dispel such ignorance of religion is a duty of the Christian denominations (and not of their clergy alone). But how to begin? The task is so huge. How can these masses be got at? They don't go to church. Should then priests and ministers take their message into the highways and byways, the pubs and street corners, even at the expense of some "neglect" of those already in their folds? Surely, yes. Some do so. But there are serious considerations, both internal and external, that discourage such an attempt on a large scale. I will mention one of them.

To large numbers of people, clerics and others who speak as members of this or that Christian "denomination" are *ipso-facto* suspect, even discredited, in advance. The historical half-truth that "the churches have failed" is widely held as a self-evident whole-truth; criticism of and contempt for "organized religion" have spread among all kinds of people, and the wider the diffusion the more uninformed it is. Clergy are charged with "professional bias"; at the worst, they are accused of a hypocritical concern for undefined "vested interests." The harm done to revealed religion in popular estimation by the discoveries of the natural sciences I believe to be exaggerated; but prejudices, legends, superstitions and some damaging truths about "the Christianity of the churches" are rampant. And below all this is the adamant core of indifference, largely due to the seeming irrelevance and impotence of Christian teaching in the world of today—the world of Main Street no less than the world of oecumenical war.

If the Catholic Church specifically be in question the position is in some respects even worse. There are still those who say, "Were I to belong to any church it would be the Roman Catholic": but the reasons given are not only generally inadequate, even relatively, but sometimes downright undesirable. To the bulk of the "unattached average" the idea of Catholicism means practically nothing, except (in the cities) the rather mysterious and exclusive national religion of a minority of semi-foreigners among their neighbors, and that minority not always a popular one. When it does mean anything it is terribly often something false or misleading, for the results of three hundred years of misunderstanding, exaggeration, prejudice, ignorance and the misrepresentations of controversial underworlds are still widespread among the less educated—and even others. I keep on meeting service men and women who really believe that for Catholics Our Lady takes the place of Jesus Christ, that we pay money for absolution, that we would be bloody persecutors if we got the chance, that the Church is an upholder of right-wing tyrannies, that she is "the enemy of science"—aye, and even more fantastic things. Nor are we contemporary Catholics altogether blameless for the continuance of these fantasies. In a word, as Christopher Dawson has recently put it, to the average non-Catholic Englishman "Catholicism is not the religion of Saint Thomas and Saint Francis de Sales and Bossuet; it is the religion of Wops and Dagoes [and Micks] who worship the images of the Madonna and do whatever their priests tell them to." Mr. Dawson adds, "And the same is true of the average Catholic, *mutatis mutandis*"; and that is a considerable factor in this bad state of affairs.

And if they do by some chance have the religion of Aquinas and Francis and Bossuet put before them it makes little impression. Its subject-matter, its categories of thought, often the very words used, are meaningless to them; they call forth no

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answering note, they have no bearing (that they can see) on the life of the world the hearers know, a world of international and class war, cinemas, trade-unions, football, wives and children, unemployment, girls, work, beer, gambling, physical and economic suffering, heroism, patience — so much heroism and patience. Never having heard of them, they take none of our premises for granted, except the fundamental intuitions I have mentioned—and not always them. "*The* Church? But why should there be a 'The Church'—or any church?"

★

I have been writing of those who are "outside the churches." What about the others, those who in varying measures are consciously Christian, whether Anglican or Nonconformist?[1] They present a situation somewhat less difficult but more complex than do the "unattached"; and, in my opinion, they are considerably less important as a practical problem. They at least have a hold of Christian faith and life in varying degrees, many in a very high degree; many, probably most, have received the sacrament of baptism. And for years there has been a regular flow of them into communion with the visible Catholic Church. But for a time recently that number has tended to lessen, and that in spite of the fact that many of these Christians openly express discomfort in their present churches: statistics and observation both suggest "a recession in the drift towards the Catholic Church."[2]

I am not concerned here with speculation about the causes of this recession, but I must mention one probable reason as it is powerful in turning people at large away from the Church. The matter is a delicate one, and I have no wish to stir up old controversy or to take sides; I will simply put down what seem to me to be facts. During the Spanish civil war the majority (or the vocal majority) of Catholics were supporters of General Franco, believing him to be actuated primarily by the motive of defending humanity and Christian values in his country and to be using only methods appropriate to such a high cause. The majority of English people, some from a native distaste for military action and from their attachment to democratic values, others from political passion, supported the republicans, or at the least opposed Franco. Both sides were subjected to much misleading and inflaming propaganda. The controversy was widespread, bitter and deep. The Catholic body itself was split from top to bottom, into a large majority and a small minority. Rightly or wrongly, ordinary people were honestly scandalized by Franco and by Catholic support of Franco: it seemed to justify their worst suspicions. In the popular mind the Church was *again* identified with "reaction," warmongering and persecution; the harm done to the reputation of Catholicism was great: its effects are still active. And they have been aggravated by the apparent acquiescence of so large a part of the Church in Italy in the iniquities of fascism, and by the apparent efforts of some Catholics in Great Britain (and elsewhere) to discredit democracy and to cast out the baby of freedom with the bath-water of disorder.

Of the several less "topical" factors working to keep English Episcopalians and dissenters away from the Roman Church I have space to refer to two.

In an essay on "Religion in Russia" (London, 1940) I wrote: "Every race and nation colors its Catholicism—not, of course, in its essence, but accidentally and externally—according to its own needs and temperament, each has its own religious temper. . . . Contemporary England is an exception. For historical reasons, the complexion of our Catholicism today is what may be called 'Italo-Irish.' I am saying nothing against that complexion in itself—but it is a terrible handicap to the re-catholicizing of the *English* people." In so many of its accidental manifestations Catholicism comes before us in an Irish or Italian or French guise, it seems a foreign thing: these foreign elements (*e.g.*, the Latinized jargon of so many of our prayer and other books) are plain and palpable; the catholic essence is not so easily apprehended. And this emphasis on "foreignness" is not insular or nationalistic or political, but psychological and practical. "The Italian Mission"; "the Irish church": those phrases have real significances quite different from their literal meaning.[3]

Furthermore, for three hundred years the Church in England has been on the defensive (for long necessarily so). This has meant that differences with non-Catholics have been stressed at the expense of our infinitely important agreements; and unfortunately this stress has not been confined to essential differences (about those I say nothing) but has included accidental variations due to culture, mental habit, discipline, etc.

[1] There is also the element of those who are deeply attached to the person and teaching of Christ, yet deliberately hold themselves aloof from any organized Christian body. These are not few and are of considerable significance, but they seem to me to be outside any examination of *average* English attitudes.

[2] On the other hand there is, along with other movements, an increasing tendency among numerous Anglicans and Nonconformists towards traditional interpretations of Christian faith and practice. (At the centenary of Catholic emancipation in 1929, the late Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., demonstrated that the increase of Catholics in this country in the previous hundred years was only at the same rate as the increase of the general population.)

[3] I ask readers of Irish origin not to misunderstand me. We English Catholics know what we owe to Ireland; and we are few (how many of us can show four English grandparents?). But the English are a different sort of people from the Irish.

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"The English Christian is 'patristic' rather than 'scholastic'; he does not mind if religious doctrines are not formulated with minute accuracy and clear definition; he is content not to try to explain divine mysteries (so far as they can be explained); he does not mind a measure of human inconsistency and seeming contradiction in religion . . . he is suspicious of a rationalistic approach to religion; he . . . tends to be impatient of legitimate authority divorced from personal goodness; he is more conscious of the Person of Christ than of the Church of Christ; he fights shy of juridical concepts in theology and whatever savours to him of legalistic morality . . . he has a great respect for the Lord's Supper, but no particular attraction towards an external cultus of the Blessed Sacrament; he is not specially impressed by a celibate clergy, and is repelled by a liturgy of which he cannot understand (or sometimes even hear) a single word.[4] (*op. cit.*)

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In some important respects the English religious temperament is notably different from that of the Latin tradition as displayed both in its purity and in popular deformations. Catholics in England have not realized that it is not therefore necessarily at variance with Catholicism, which is not tied to any one temperament or mentality or way of approach. Consequently controversy and apologetics have put far too much emphasis on some of the above matters, as though they were of the essence of the Catholic faith: *e.g.*, the alleged muddled-thinking, illogicality, sentimentality and general intellectual inferiority of English religious thought, the importance of clerical celibacy and the "necessity" of a Latin liturgy, the frequent use of technical theological or ecclesiastical expressions that have an entirely different meaning in daily speech and the common mind.

And so the average non-Catholic in England has a very wrong picture of the Church, varying from fantastic aberrations to misleading emphases—and dislikes, fears or ignores her accordingly. And then there is the effect of such widely-held opinions as that Catholics are more untruthful than most people, that we have more than our proportion of the inmates of prisons and other penal institutions, that we are more concerned with abstinence on Fridays than with being kind, sympathetic and understanding. I am not concerned here to discuss these opinions: my point is that they exist and are common.

As I warned at the beginning, it is possible in a short article to mention only a few factors in the problem; and I perhaps have not made it clear that some of them are operative in both sections, "attached Christians" and others, into which I have found it convenient to divide the population. Nor was it part of my job to suggest remedies (though I have hinted at some). But when more of us Catholics realize, that is, make real to ourselves and others, how many of our fellow countrymen are already by charity united with us invisibly in the Mystical Body of Christ; when we realize the significance of a common baptism and of a sincere desire to follow Christ in Christ's way; when we realize that our countrymen's religious differences from ourselves are not all compounded of pestilential heresy, perversity and weakmindedness; when we realize they are terribly misled about the Church—and often through *our* fault: when more of us think and act in the light of these things, then it will begin to cease to be true that "there is only one thing the average Englishman is less likely to become than a communist, and that is a Catholic."

[4] "By this the spirit of God is known: Every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is of God . . ." —I *John* iv, 2.

Lewis and the Miners

The story is not black and white.

By John C. Cort

TO BEGIN with, the coal picture has about as many angles to it as that famous cubist nightmare, "Nude Descending a Staircase." And both pictures are almost equally baffling to the layman whose intelligence is still unspoiled by special study.

There is a motion to amend this slightly. To the very superficial observer everything is simple: it is just John L. Lewis raising hell because he's mad at Roosevelt, or it is just another racketeer union holding a sawed-off shotgun to the head of Uncle Sam. The man who is baffled is the one who tries to figure some of the other motives that Lewis has or might have, or who looks past the spotlit figure of Lewis straddling the center of the stage and tries to understand why 530,000 miners

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ignored the President's appeal and walked out on May 1 as one man in the most essential industry of a nation very much at war, or why other labor leaders who have no use for Lewis or the nasty business of striking in wartime are nevertheless supporting his fight against the War Labor Board's Little Steel formula. And what about the WLB and the problem of Wages vs. Prices? What of the chaotic coal industry, and what to do about it? What of President Roosevelt and his handling of the most serious domestic crisis that has faced his Administration since the beginning of the war, and more probably, since the banks closed down back in 1933?

The real "forgotten man," however, in the whole picture, is the coal miner himself. Certainly no solution of the problem can afford to overlook the fact that he has a pretty sad story to tell. In the first place, he works in what is still doubtless the most dangerous industry in the country. In 1941 there were 64,764 men killed or injured, which is nearly 12 percent of total personnel, and of these about 1,500 lost their lives. (The known killed and wounded as of May 2, 1943, in all our armed forces since Pearl Harbor is 27,172.) Speaking very bluntly to the coal operators about this loss of life and limb in the mines, Lewis said: "That's a lot of meat, a lot of human meat, to grind up in an industry in one year. There are too many funerals in this industry, gentlemen." And he added, "We care not if the elimination of this third shift takes a few shekels out of some operator's pocket."

The reference in the last sentence is to the fact that when mines are worked continually for three shifts and the coal is not allowed to "bleed," gas forms more quickly and on occasion explodes with great violence. Only two days after the miners went back to work on May 3, for example, ten men were killed in an explosion in LaFollette, Tennessee. Although miners must use dynamite even in machine mining, the quantities used are so small that this operation alone offers no danger. The danger is mostly from the gas explosions, which are always the result of bad ventilation, and thus avoidable, or from unavoidable cave-ins on or near the face of the coal, where timber support is necessarily inadequate, or from avoidable cave-ins that are due to defective timbering.

Here then is a just grievance: the elimination of unnecessary danger from an already dangerous calling. Certainly something should be done about that. We believe too that *under ordinary circumstances* miners would have another just grievance: for most of their lives they have never got enough money for the time, muscle, skill and risk that they put into their jobs. As recently as last December hard-coal miners averaged only $36.14 a week and soft-coal miners $38.25, making them the lowest paid group in the whole field of durable goods, which then averaged $46.38, while the makers of aircraft engines got $58.49, shipbuilders $58.09 and auto workers $54.69. Quite a difference in payment for work that is in general no more skilled, frequently less so, and very much less dangerous!

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After the First World War the miners' union was strong and coal was still riding the crest of the war boom. As a result of strikes in '22, '25 and '27, the United Mine Workers boosted and held their wages at $7.50 a day, which with a six-day week made a not untidy, not unlivable week's pay for those days. By 1927, however, over-expansion and the growing use of fuel oil and water power had produced a state of chaos and collapse throughout the whole industry. Unemployment soared, wages and union membership plunged downward. By 1933 the miners were getting $3.28 a day, and the union had dwindled from 450,000 to 90,000 dues-paying members.

Then came Roosevelt and the New Deal. For the first time government, through Section 7-A of NIRA and later the Wagner Act, protected labor's right to organize. Seizing his opportunity by the scruff of the neck, Lewis sent his lieutenants through the coal fields on whirlwind campaigns. In West Virginia organizers were telling the miners: "Roosevelt wants you to join the union." And over night the miners flocked back in what was literally a wave of mass enthusiasm. Then came the Guffey Coal Act and a tri-partite commission that fixed minimum prices, eliminated cut-throat competition and so restored a little order in the general chaos. Wages rose steadily through the thirties, and in 1941 the union won a $7 day in a five-day, 35-hour week. It is this two-year contract, incidentally, that Lewis is now fighting to improve, although in a sense it has already been improved by the addition of a sixth day at time-and-a-half rates, bringing the average soft-coal wage in February, 1943, to $45.34 (employers' figures).

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At this point a little clarification of how miners are paid might be in order. All the figures given so far, except where otherwise stated, apply to soft-coal (bituminous) miners, who make up 85 percent of the industry and of whom Lewis's United Mine Workers control 450,000. The Progressive Miners Union, AFL, has about 30,000, mostly in Illinois. In the Lewis union there are also 80,000 miners of anthracite—the hard coal used in your heating furnace if you were smart enough not to shift to oil—and these are concentrated almost entirely in the northeastern corner of Pennsylvania around Scranton. Thanks to that same oil, this part of the industry has been even

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sicker than the soft-coal part, and the basic wage is therefore only $6.10.

What is meant by "basic wage"? It is the wage earned by inside day-men (men working on time inside the mine, such as maintenance men and all those involved in getting the coal above ground). Outside men get a dollar less. The men who actually dig the coal, whether by hand-pick or with machines that can cut a section anywhere from 2½ to 10 feet wide, are paid on piece rates—so much per ton, or so much per yard, if they are working on a perpendicular vein as in the anthracite mines. The rates are tied to the basic wage in that a soft-coal miner, for example, should be able to average $7 per day at said rates. Thus if the miners were given a two-dollar increase, the piece rates would all go up 28 percent, two being 28 percent of seven. Piece rates vary from region to region, and even from one colliery to another, but in soft coal the average is about one dollar per ton for pick mining and 80 cents for machine mining.

If you are still with us, add to the miners' troubles the following: (1) He doesn't get paid for time spent traveling to the coal face, a trip that averages one and a half hours for both ways, and may add up to 3 or 4 hours, since in the older collieries miners must travel anywhere up to 11 miles underground before they reach the coal. This is the basis of the "portal-to-portal" demand that the men should be paid from the time they enter the mine gates. (2) Although, by working an extra day, the miner can now average about $45 a week, rising prices have actually reduced his real wages to $35 or less, which is worse than they were before. (3) The miner is constantly haunted by the spectre of unemployment, which has plagued his industry since the middle twenties. (4) Along with all the rest he must (usually) live in a flimsy, soot-covered company-house, just like all the other houses in a dirty, drab company-town.

But there must be a limit to one's sympathy for the coal miners. For the strange part of it is that in spite of everything they like their jobs, and that is more than can be said for most American workers. Somehow the darkness and the danger, the romance of the mines, have a powerful hold on the men who work in them, and they take a fierce pride in their calling, in the toughness and courage and skill that go into making a good miner. No matter how black things look above and below ground, the coal miner shows an almost fanatical reluctance to look for other work. There is something about this digging for "black diamonds" that really gets him.

But all this about the miners, though it may partially explain, still does not answer the questions: Why did the miners strike on May 1? Why is it they may strike again on May 19? Other large groups of American workers (in textiles, railroads, retail trades) are just as poorly paid, just as insecure, and almost as strongly organized as the miners, and yet they are sticking loyally to their jobs for the duration. Twist and turn, dig and delve as you may, you cannot find the answers anywhere but in that strange, ruthless and ambitious figure straddling the center of the stage: John L. Lewis.

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It is quite true that Lewis was responsible for the two-day strike on May 1. It is a certainty that if it weren't for Lewis the UMW would still be in the CIO, or perhaps even the AFL, abiding by labor's no-strike pledge (in which Lewis joined, incidentally) and that the miners would be patriotically supporting the wartime machinery set up by the War Labor Board (which Lewis helped to create). Because the truth is that in a very real sense John L. Lewis *is* the United Mine Workers and the United Mine Workers is John L. Lewis.

Although the UMW was founded in Columbus, Ohio, in 1890 and most of its 31 districts have a long history, 20 of these are still what is called "provisional," meaning that the man with the eyebrows appoints all their top officials. Since these districts control 71 percent of the membership, it is obviously a joke when Lewis calls together the executive board or 300-man policy committee and tries to hand out the impression that these bodies are arriving at independent decisions. In reference to his aides in Labor's Non-Partisan League, which is CIO's political arm and of which John L. was chairman when he held the number one spot in the CIO, he once said, "I expect anyone who takes my money to be loyal to me." An attitude, by the way, that later called forth a quotation of Justice Holmes from a resigning aide: "Every man's major premise should be his realization that he is not God."

But if Lewis could make such a megalomaniac remark in reference to a CIO agency, it is clear how completely he looks upon the UMW as his own personal property. When he broke with Philip Murray last year, and decided to oust him as vice-president, only one man on the executive board, Pat Fagan of Pittsburgh's district 5, dared to vote for the popular Murray, and soon afterwards the popular Fagan was voted out of his own job in favor of a Lewis choice named Busarello. Not since 1926 has anyone opposed the big boss for President, and there is evidence that on that occasion Lewis stole the election from John Brophy, his opponent. Since then all opposition has either been crushed, bought, flattered or scared into abject silence.

Lewis is a strange and striking personality, one of the strangest and most striking in America. Son of a Welsh miner, he was born on Lincoln's birthday in 1880 and went to work in the mines at

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the age of 12. By the time he was 26 he had pushed himself to the front by his own intellectual force, speaking ability, imposing figure and a certain flair for dramatizing John L. Lewis. He once made the classic remark, "He that tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted." Also: "Running a big labor organization is 98 percent showmanship." Both traits are part of the Lewis formula for success.

It wasn't long before Sam Gompers, a dynamic little Jewish cigar-maker who was then head of the AFL, discovered Lewis, put him to work, and pushed him along. By the time he was 40, Lewis had worked his way to the top of the miners' union, which in those days was a very democratic outfit, full of stormy debate. Young and cocky, Lewis decided to run against Gompers the following year, 1921, but he was so badly beaten and made so many enemies in the attempt that when Gompers died in 1924 and the boys were figuring his successor on the train as they returned from the funeral (*sic*), it was William Green, miners' secretary-treasurer, that Lewis and Big Bill Hutcheson agreed on for the next president. Obviously Lewis thought he would be able to control the gentle Green, but the latter slipped away from him and lined up with "Hutch" and the craft union crowd. It is remarkable, in fact, how many Lewis lieutenants have turned against him once they got their hands on an independent source of income. Witness Green, Murray, Van Bittner, Clint Golden, Allan Haywood, John Brophy and Powers Hapgood, just to mention the more prominent.

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Later Lewis was to refer to his former secretary as "old mother Green," and during the fight over CIO in 1935, he got off the following gem: "Alas, poor Green, I knew him well. He wishes me to join in fluttering procrastination the while intoning *'O tempora, O mores.'*" Anyone can see Lewis has read a lot of Shakespeare, and it is also said that he has been a heavy reader of the Bible, but other than the literary style there is little evidence of it in his public utterance and action. Without the shadow of a doubt, however, the mine leader is the most forceful, colorful phrase-maker of any American in public life today and second only to Churchill in his ability to roll out the Ciceronian periods in a rich, stentorian bass.

This is the man whom former associates have described as having an insatiable "lust for power." Once in a conversation with Roosevelt back in 1939, when they were still talking, Lewis pointed out that as the two most prominent men in the country, he and the President would make an unbeatable ticket in the 1940 elections. Roosevelt is reported to have replied, "Which place will you take, John?" Certainly the hardest blow in the man's life was the day he had to resign as CIO President to fulfill the promise that he would do so if Willkie was not elected. Some say that so great is his self-esteem that he actually felt certain that his dramatic last-minute support of Willkie would swing the election to the Republican. In a sense the current trouble goes back to that day. The prestige and actual power that Lewis lost by turning against Roosevelt is the prestige and power that he is trying now with might and main to wring out of the miners' plight and America's extremity. It is the big stake that Lewis is plunging for in one last gamble with destiny.

And the strange and tragic part of it all is that no matter what happens, he can't possibly win. He can't win because outside of the miners, his own henchmen, and a few other rank-and-filers who still love him for his past, the man has no friends—no friends and no place to go. Certainly not the Republican Party, although he voted its ticket faithfully in 1924, '28 and '32, as well as '40. For who can picture the party of big business pressing that shaggy and carnivorous bear to its well-tailored bosom? Give the devil his due! He was a great and formidable fighter in those days of 1936-38 when he was storming across America, rolling out the invective, and throwing the holy fear of God into every big-shot employer who thought he could go on indefinitely collecting his bonuses, clipping his coupons, and bleeding the hearts out of American workers. The CIO, or what it meant, would have come somehow, but as *PM's* James Wechsler has so truly said, it was Lewis who furnished the words and music.

But though John L. has few influential friends left, he does find himself with a great many influential supporters on both sides of the labor movement. The reason is simple: labor has been caught in a squeeze-play between frozen wages and unfrozen, rising prices. Lewis is the spearhead of the drive to break the 15 percent Little Steel formula and so unfreeze wages. Few seem to have bothered to think what sheer anarchy and disaster unfreezing wages would produce in the whole business of inflation control. Few seem to have realized that the only sensible place to put pressure is on the job of stopping and rolling back prices.

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There can be no question of the justice of a coal strike or of the government's right and duty to break any attempt to sabotage America's war effort. The walkout on May 1 and the potential walkout on May 19 answer virtually none of the conditions of a just strike: (1) The major demand, for a substantial increase, though sound in strict justice, is neither sound nor justified in the light of its effect on the economy of a nation at war. (2) By ignoring the War Labor Board and defying its authority, Lewis has flagrantly failed to exhaust all peaceful means to win justice

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for the miners. (He has referred to the Board and its Chairman as follows: "If I had a yellow dog, I would hate to have its standard of living fixed by this man Davis and the men who are doing his dirty work on the War Labor Board.") (3) There can be absolutely no comparison between the possible good to be gained by such a strike and the unavoidable evil it would and already has produced for labor, America and the whole Allied cause.

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For a just and peaceful solution of the present coal crisis, it seems to us that two basic things are necessary. First, the whole nation—that is, federal, state and local authorities, plus private organizations and individuals—must throw all its weight into an effective, determined effort to stop and roll back prices. It is shameful that on May 9 the OPA was still making plans for a "real enforcement" of price ceilings. Part of the fault for this must undoubtedly go to President Roosevelt and his OPA chief, Prentiss Brown, but if you're handing out slices of blame, please pass the lion's slice to an anti-Roosevelt Congress that first axed Leon Henderson, a man who showed he could do an effective job, then gave OPA enough money for only half the personnel it needs, and is now holding back on the type of subsidies and farm loans that are necessary and that were so successful in solving England's price problem.

Second, the WLB (whose authority in this dispute the President has very wisely upheld, but which he had previously weakened by withdrawing its power to correct wage "inequities"), the mine operators and the government generally must give absolute assurance to the miners that they appreciate their problems and are going to solve those problems either now or after the war. If possible, the miners should get now a guaranteed annual wage for the duration, elimination of charges for equipment and all avoidable dangers. We don't know half enough about it to say that only federal ownership and operation of the coal industry can straighten out a tangled mess, but we certainly think that this possibility should be thoroughly explored. And before anyone yells "socialism" we suggest he consult *Quadragesimo Anno* on the right of the state to take over property that cannot be left in private hands without a serious threat to public safety.

Actually there is a third requirement for a just solution of the coal crisis: that John L. Lewis get down off that mettlesome high horse—that coal black charger he fancies himself as riding over a battlefield that is far from, and very alien to, the battlefields that count in this war—and that he return to earth and the company of reasonable men. We suggest that he get over his bitterness—some call it hatred—against President Roosevelt, a bitterness founded less on just grievance than on the frustration of his own overweening ambition. If this is impossible and if Lewis continues to take out his personal spite on all of America and the United Nations, if he continues to use the miners' plight and public extremity as ladders to some unseen pinnacle of power for himself, then we can only say: "Uncle Sam, blow the man down."

Communications

"CELESTIAL HOMESPUN"

Bronxville, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I emerged from a reading of Dr. Maynard's review of my book on Father Hecker feeling as one who has received both a slightly blackened eye and an orchid.

Errors should never occur of course, but they do, and my very minor ones occurred even after comprehensive reading of script and galleys by several authorities of both Church and style. As Dr. Maynard says, these are of no great importance and I agree there should be a certain amount of indulgence toward them. I sometimes wonder why such small ones as these are ever noted in a review at all. After all, the play's the thing.

However, I do not agree with Dr. Maynard that there should be indulgence towards "a certain amount of transference of conversations and letters from the people to whom they belong to somebody else." This would be a grievous error and I am sure that I should grievously have to answer it. Unless I did it unknowingly and from inaccurate sources, I have never put the words of one person into the mouth of another and cannot conceive of anyone who claims the name of biographer doing such a thing. And I very definitely claim the name of biographer. "Being a novelist, Mrs. Burton has a right to take such liberties with her material," says Dr. Maynard. I am not a novelist, if that means inventing material, and my small but honest reputation is partially built on the fact that I have invented nothing. Having written various books, all about actual people, and never having had such a thing as this said about me, I must protest and call Dr. Maynard's indulgence a kindness which I cannot accept. As for feeling that some people may call my method of writing "possibly distressing or even offensive" I wish to say that I have never in letter or review had such adjectives applied to my work.

I also wish to say very clearly that no one gave me expert advice about staying off the thin ice of the subject of Americanism. The subject simply did not come up in Father Hecker's lifetime, and so did not come within the compass of the book. To have mentioned it would have been a violation of the unity of time.

KATHERINE BURTON.

LITURGY IN THE VERNACULAR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In regard to "The Inner Forum" of April 30th and a book review in the same issue, in which mention is made of an increasing pressure for more

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of the Liturgy in the vernacular, it would seem regrettable if at this point, after so much stir and effort to have the laity participate in the Latin, that the movement in this direction should be allowed to die or give up without further struggle. Where the struggle has been continued unflaggingly by the clergy, the laity has shown a willingness to make the responses—I am speaking of Mass—and at least in one church in New York City (Corpus Christi) a notable success has been achieved. The translation of the Liturgy into English presents problems which the scholarly author of "The Inner Forum" has already pointed out. The writer of this letter is of the humble opinion that the task requires an altogether finer and subtler pen than has as yet been manifested. Speaking from the point of view of literary workmanship we surely cannot afford to fall below the noble standard set by the offices in the Anglican "Book of Common Prayer." Mere faithfulness to the meaning of the original text, while adequate for the practical purpose of conveying the thought and for use in individual parishes, societies and the family circle, is not nearly good enough as a medium of public worship on a large scale.

So let us stick to the Latin—in the major offices at any rate. And let the liturgically-minded clergy not lose hope if congregations at first are reluctant to break an accustomed silence. What is needed perhaps is the example of a conspicuous leadership—St. Patrick's Cathedral, for instance, where, with the new liturgical altar, the dialogue Mass in modified form would certainly be in keeping. What an edification for non-Catholics who go there in larger numbers during these days of war to hear a chorus of *"Et cum spiritu tuo's"* swelling from the pews! That this is likely to occur in the immediate future I am not quite naïve enough to believe. It is a specimen of wishful thinking. The vital matter anyhow is not that the people take a vocal part in the Mass, but that they pay better attention and follow it with their missals. Of this there is evidence of growing progress, particularly in those churches where priests say Mass as if they wanted it to be heard.

ANDREW MCGEE.

The Stage & Screen

Sons and Soldiers

THE INGREDIENTS of a play are so numerous that greatness in a play implying as it does perfection of writing, production, setting, direction and acting is a most unlikely occurrence. When a play has greatness it is incomparably superior to all other forms of artistic achievement. "Songs and Soldiers" belongs among the great plays. You get to the theater on time (a late comer seated near me was still puzzled as to the identity of characters during the middle of the second act) and you perform one difficult feat of imagination by conceding that a young woman in 1916 by clairvoyance could foresee current events and their impact upon her then unborn children. If you can make this necessary concession get ready to live again the splendors and miseries of human existence.

Rebecca Tadlock (Geraldine Fitzgerald), expecting and with her husband greatly desiring a child, is found by her doctor unable to bear the child without grave danger to herself. The doctor recommends a therapeutic abortion. Rebecca reacts hysterically and while temporarily deranged foresees the characters of her children as they respond to the future (now current) events of their lives. She sees the children separating her husband from herself. She sees them manifest lust and cowardice. But she sees them as well brave and tender and good. The episodes contrived by Irwin Shaw, the playwright, to exhibit the agonies and exaltations reserved for the unborn sons of Rebecca are typical without being trite. The whole play reaches to the heart.

Production is by Max Reinhardt, Norman Bel Geddes and Richard Myers. Notable in the cast in addition to Miss Fitzgerald are Herbert Rudley, Millard Mitchell, Stella Adler, Gregory Peck and Leonard Sues. *(At the Morosco.)*

The Corn Is Green

I AM PUZZLED by the success of this play now brought back to Broadway by Ethel Barrymore at popular prices. It neither contains nor does it arouse any deeply felt pity or love or any other significant emotion. It is unconvincing as an appeal to intelligence.

Miss Moffat (Miss Barrymore), a middle aged spinster with "advanced" ideas in the latter years of the nineteenth century, settles among some illiterate Welsh miners determined to give them education. Local pressure brings the experiment to the edge of failure. A composition by Morgan Evans (Richard Waring) showing poetic sensitivity strengthens Miss Moffat's high resolution. Her school continues and her experiment is put to decisive test when Morgan tries for an Oxford scholarship. He succeeds, of course, and goes upon his way promised to the nation as a great leader. What he is to lead is not indicated. The education of Morgan Evans is the creation of Miss Moffat, to perform which she sacrifices money, time, effort and finally the right to savor the final outcome of her work. Miss Moffat puts "education" in Morgan Evans against his will. At the end he owes her everything. The truth is that no teacher ever put anything into a student. The teacher is but one among the other text books placed before the pupil. "You learn what you have it in you to learn, not what a teacher has it in him to teach." A great teacher is a man or woman of incorruptible judgment added to the highest intellectual and imaginative powers. He treats his student as his equal. Study of his character, judgment and work are exercises by which the student reaches maturity. His praise outranks all other values. His mission is to evoke, not to instill. Believing all this, Miss Moffat's superiority to Morgan Evans was as incredible to me as his persistency in his search for education notwithstanding the assumption that he really preferred in some deep-seated way women and rum. Take Ethel Barrymore out of this play and little remains. *(At the Martin Beck.)*

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Three's a Family

THIS John Golden comedy depends for its humor on the latest conditions of life as disrupted by war. Babies are appearing and doctors are disappearing everywhere; servants are non-existent; sisters-in-law are working on the production lines; young fathers are turning into First Lieutenants; young mothers are suffering nervous breakdowns. In a word the comforts and familiar scenery of middle class life are vanishing.

"Three's a Family" opens with a comfortable trio of adults in a small 110th Street apartment. First the daughter returns home with her three months old baby. She had quarreled with her husband who, on the rebound, as it develops, had entered the Army apparently for a vacation. This puts one of the adults, the sister-in-law, out of her bedroom and into a day bed in the living room with the usual slapstick results. There is also a son whose wife, about to have a baby, has it arranged by nature so that this grand event occurs at the apartment. The confusion is something spectacular and provides many wry gags. If you like this kind of thing (and many in the audience did) you will find that the play does not bog down. It has William Wadsworth, Robert Burton, Ethel Owen and Ruth Weston. *(At the Longacre.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Hollywood's Mission

THERE is no doubt that Warner Brothers knew what it was doing in making *"Mission to Moscow."* That politically-minded company was first in the field several years ago with "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," and now it leads off again with the opening shot of the inevitable cycle of pictures about Russia and the Soviet peoples. I suppose the "Mission" is as good an introduction to the coming avalanche of Russian films as any Hollywood could have made. Robert Buckner spared no expense in his elaborate production. Michael Curtiz directed with restraint and a careful avoidance of sensationalism. Howard Koch, who based this script more or less on Joseph E. Davies's book, wisely sidestepped any attempt at a fictional plot. The result is more like a glorified newsreel than like any type of cinema we have seen.

"Mission to Moscow" opens with a prologue that shows former Ambassador Davies, himself, speaking right to the audience. He explains that he felt it was his duty to tell the truth about the Soviet Union as he saw it when he was ambassador there. He emphasizes the importance of unity among the allies and the importance of mutual understanding and confidence if there is to be a durable and secure peace. He tells enough about himself ("came up the hard way," "deep conviction in our form of government," "I think I am peculiarly a product of our great country," etc.) to prove that he was the boy to go on this mission and to write this book about his findings . And he thanks Warner Brothers for making such a good film. And modesty be hanged.

After this introduction, Walter Huston, in a plain, straightforward portrayal, takes over as Davies. It is interesting to note throughout this film what a good job its cast has done in portraying living people. Credit should go to Curtiz for his simple direction, to the actors for avoiding histrionics, to good makeup artists and excellent photographers. What slight confusion there is on this point is due to the occasional insertions of newsreels in which the real people appear as themselves. The cast includes: Ann Harding as the attractive, gracious ambassador's wife—somewhat colorless, but every inch a lady and an untiring helpmate; Oscar Homolka as Litvinov; Gene Lockhart as Molotov; Victor Francen as Vyshinsky; Dudley Field Malone as Churchill; Mannart Kippen as Stalin.

In 1936, President Roosevelt sends the wealthy capitalist, Joseph Davies, to sound out Russia, the unknown factor. Which side will she be on? The President would also like to know what Hitler is up to, so Davies stops off in Berlin. He fails to see Hitler, but Dr. Schacht shows an amused interest in Roosevelt's disarmament proposal.

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Schacht insists that the dove of peace must have wings of steel. The Davieses are shocked to see such great numbers of soldiers in Germany and so many uniformed youngsters parading in youth movements. (When they later see similarly well-trained men and women and parading youths in Russia, they express their approval.)

The Davieses are given a royal welcome in Russia. That the G.P.U. keeps its eyes on them does not bother them. Davies makes many tours, sees factories, oil fields, the agricultural country, soldiers, women working in plants. He is well pleased with progress throughout the country. Mrs. Davies and the daughter Emlen cover the cultural aspects. And the whole family seems naïvely surprised that the Soviet people are human after all. The ambassadors from other countries, particularly England and France, are decidedly antagonistic toward their hosts. During the famous trials (at which practically all the defendants confess freely that they are saboteurs inspired by Trotsky and that they were to get help from Germany and Japan in overthrowing the present government), the embarrassed German and Japanese ambassadors crawl out of the courtroom. Perhaps Davies is most impressed with the 1938 May Day parade. These shots, although lengthy and repetitious, are quite effective and move him to exclaim: "At least one European nation is ready for anything that comes and I say, thank God!"

After being sold on Russia, Davies stops off in England to warn Churchill that England had better sign a pact with Stalin before Hitler does. England is too late. Davies hurries home, gets nowhere with isolationist congressmen, tours the country with speeches on the Soviet Union. In June, 1941, Hitler attacks Russia. The film closes with a plea for the end of war, for a new world that will emphasize the dignity of man.

As you can see from this short outline, "Mission" is straight propaganda. It reflects the views of one man, and since that man represented our Government to another Government, the film has at least some semi-official sanction. However the viewpoint is obviously one-sided. The Finnish and Polish problems are tossed off without consideration. Mr. Davies was not allowed to see everything. The camera never goes into the homes of the common man; we learn practically nothing about how the people feel about their government. The subject of religion is completely avoided. Or perhaps religion is what Davies has in mind when he says early in the film: "How they keep their house is none of our business. What matters is what kind of neighbors will they be in case of fire."

Since "Mission to Moscow" helps us at least partially to understand our neighbors across the sea, it deserves to be seen. I cannot vouch for its popular appeal. Cinematically it is awkward; too long, static, repetitive, it relies often on the script and not on the pictures to convey its message; at times it is dull. This dullness is due to its naïve attitude toward the Russian people as well as its own pedantic tone of a lecturer determined to prove a point. In spite of its half-truths and one-track mind, "Mission" is an impressive gesture toward one of our allies whom we have been too slow in treating as a neighbor.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

"much salutary irritation—"
"casting the stone gods out of the soul of the Gael"

"There are some Catholics who will feel that Sister Mariella's selections are great and modern but not always Catholic in the sense that the word 'catholic' connotes reticence and idealization. Her book should provide much salutary irritation." The reviewer for the Springfield CATHOLIC MIRROR from whom we quote (and will quote at greater length below) was quite right about the irritation!

In fact there has been so much discussion of the title that there has been a tendency to forget the stories in this superb collection. So, since Sister Mariella didn't like the title in the first place and accepted it under protest ("execrable" she called it) we have decided to re-issue the book under a new title:

THEY ARE PEOPLE:
Modern Short Stories of Nuns, Monks and Priests

and if you prefer that title, drop us a line and we will gladly mail you one of the new jackets. But to return to what the reviewer in the CATHOLIC MIRROR said:

"The 'new' short story popularized by the O'Brien anthology and STORY MAGAZINE is now about fifteen years old. Since most of its early practitioners and admirers were found among literary radicals, a good many conservative readers have distrusted it so much that they have not bothered to estimate [*the new story form*] at its true value. Not so Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B., professor of English at a prominent midwestern Catholic college for women.

"Sister Mariella introduces her twenty-three authors with as peppery an introduction as the reader will encounter in many a moon. 'Edification at the expense of truth is always a doubtful good. The stories collected in the present volume are true in the best sense of the word. They are collected here for the convenience and delight of Catholic readers who might otherwise miss them, and for discriminating readers everywhere. . . .' She regards the emergence of the new fiction as an important ally of Catholic literature, which has had in this country a very slow growth.

" 'For the most part,' she writes, 'Catholic magazines are entirely innocent of this new distinguished fiction. They have sinned along with the "slicks" in catering to popular taste. The large circulation magazines, particularly the women's magazines, consistently print happy-ending stories that glorify romantic love. The Catholic magazines patronize the same mentality, with a subtle philosophy of life conspicuously more harmful. They seem to say: "If you say your prayers (especially if they are repeated nine successive days), if you are good and do the right things, then you shall have a job, succeed in your ambitions, be crowned with the good things of this world" —a kind of back-stairs entrance to materialism, particularly enticing because its easy steps are padded and comfortable with a righteous piety.'

"A common denominator of all the stories is authenticity and punch. Perhaps the most provocative tale in the book is Morley Callaghan's *The Young Priest*. Sister Mary Francis' *A Nun's Diary* tells us exactly how a young and carefully brought up American girl feels and acts during a trying novitiate. Among the remaining selections Frank O'Connor's humorous *First Confession*, Geoffrey Household's picaresque *The Salvation of Pisco Gabar* and John Conley's psychological study of seminarians, *Momento*, are the best."

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR—December 1942.

They Are People: Modern Short Stories of Nuns, Monks and Priests, $3.00.

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Editors' Choice

THE SHIP. *C. S. Forester. Little.* $2.50.

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. *W. Somerset Maugham. New Home Library.* $.69.

NIAGARA. *Edward F. Garesché, S. J. Vista Maria Press.* $1.00.

Heard Round the World

WHAT art there is in the historical novel seems to consist in the re-creation of the past in a believable manner. Although considerable research often goes into the preparation for fictionized accounts of other days, regardless how faithful the scene is historically the whole production falls apart if the author is not able to people it with characters who are alive. When this popular historical novelist turns his hand to fiction which seeks to say something significant about our own troubled days, it is easier to see why his "Captain Horatio Hornblower" and other recent volumes have been so widely read.

Mr. Forester has the touch. His people live and create the necessary illusion regardless of the century with which he is dealing. In his latest book there is no hero, little if any moral struggle or character development. The idea is rather to present a series of character sketches of certain men on a British light cruiser engaged in defending a Malta-bound convoy from an overpowering Italian fleet. And he does succeed in arousing passing interest in the various gunners, engineers and chief officers who in a matter of fact manner play their rôles so efficiently. We see them at ease and in action and, through flashbacks, find out just how they feel about what they have left behind.

There is the same battle against odds here as in James Aldridge's "Signed with Their Honor," but it takes place after the turning of the tide. Or rather Mr. Forester makes the arrival of his Malta convoy a life and death affair on which the outcome of the whole war and the fate of mankind for centuries hinges. He really would have it a new Lepanto, although only five light cruisers and twelve destroyers were engaging the Italian fleet of two battleships, a heavy cruiser and a number of destroyers which waited too long behind the protection of the larger warships to do anything effective in the fight.

The dash and enterprise were all on the British side, with smoke screens laid so that their smaller ships could get close enough to the Italian dreadnaughts to use their six-inchers. Also feints and decoys so that British destroyers could dart in with some torpedoes. All the Italians seemed to do was to blaze away with their powerful fourteen-inch guns whenever their adversaries appeared. And the decisive shot was a six-inch shell that did virtually no damage to the Italian man-of-war and caused no casualties.

Mr. Forester always had a feel for the sea. For background he spent several weeks aboard a British ship, apparently the H.M.S. *Penelope*. He is not the first to compare a vessel to a delicate natural organism or a little world of its own, but he does this very well. He knows whereof he speaks. This is a book to instil confidence in the courage and proficiency of the British Navy, who with the RAF have stood their guns when the going was roughest. It is neither soul-searching nor profound; in fact "The Ship" is a volume to devour at a single sitting.

Chapman in the Drug Store

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1911, John Jay Chapman wrote a letter to Mrs. Winthrop Chanler. It was a charming letter. It told Mrs. Chanler that he had half read "H. Adams' big book about his Education." It talked of "the piping Adams as he sits on his raft at sunset and combs his golden hair with a gold toothpick." It was, of course, a personal letter, and it was written by one of the most fastidious and brilliant men that America ever saw fit to ignore. On May 3, 1943, this letter, which had been published by M. A. De Wolfe Howe in "John Jay Chapman and His Letters"—a book appealing to a limited public—is printed on page 251 of Mr. Maugham's contribution to the "New Home Library." This certainly is an odd, though perhaps an agreeable fate for a letter.

"The New Home Library" includes such titles as "The Basic Teachings of Confucius: Arranged for Easy Reading," "Plot Outlines of 100 Famous Novels," "World History at a Glance" and so forth. It now issues Mr. Maugham's anthology and this goes to prove that one must never be certain that in a list of books where each one looks more deadly than the other there may not be a good one. For 69 cents Mr. Maugham and the New Home Library have provided a book of quality. Rather self-consciously. "I have made this anthology for the plain people of this country, for the woman who goes into the store to buy a spool of cotton or a cake of soap, for the man who goes in to buy a pound of nails or a pot of paint. I wish no one to think that I have on that account allowed my choice to be qualified by any consideration that what I was offering these readers might be above their heads. Far from it."

That is true enough. The inclusion of Mr. Chapman proves it. And Spender, Auden, MacNeice, Sassoon, Eliot, Santayana, Frost, James, Hardy, Yeats and Thompson are there to prove it also. There are some detective stories. There are the old anthology regulars: Hemingway, Kipling, Sandburg. There is an imbecile piece by "Saki." But in general one gets a great deal of the best in verse and prose. Mr. Maugham has taste, although he has not shown it in his recent stories for popular American magazines; he cares for and understands good writing; he is a technician. His short prefaces to the various sections in this book explain clearly what the writers are trying to do.

All these authors and a bit from one and a bit from another with Mr. Maugham commenting. It's fine, it's useful, but somehow anthologies make one a little sad.

Back to the Ode

FATHER GARESCHÉ is associated in most Catholics' minds with Medical Missions and surgical instruments and curing the heathen Chinee. But he should also be associated with a lifelong devotion to poetry which has produced less fruit than we might have hoped, but fruit of a quality and character all its own. His little booklet, "Niagara"—the designation *book* or *volume* would be unduly heavy and ponderous—consists of a prelude and four odes, all dedicated to the mightiest waterfall of our continent. He tells us that he has been at the labor of writing these lines for a quarter century, and as one reads them one realizes that their quality and savor have not been injured by this long devotion. The result is perhaps not great poetry, but it is refined and melodious and pleasing poetry, which is a great deal more than can be said of many a larger production.

But what will most attract the reader in these verses is

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their form. Why has the ode been so greatly neglected in recent English verse? Of course you could argue that it has always been neglected, throughout the history of our literature. It has been said that only two or three poets among all the hundreds in our tradition have written true odes, and if one relaxes a little the hard and fast form which constitutes the true ode, only a handful more have written odes of any sort. It is hard to supply an answer. Father Garesché himself speaks well in praise of this form of verse. "It is most spontaneous, most flexible in its meter—full of majesty and variety. It is adaptable in its power, expressive in its changeful cadences, sonorous and sincere."

Why then is it not more popular? Perhaps the answer is that no one can write an ode quickly. After you get the knack, you can turn out a sonnet fairly easily; most lyrics can be written in a very few minutes—once the inspiration comes, once an emotion is recollected in tranquillity. It is indeed doubtful whether any great lyrics have ever been written in more than one sitting—however many sittings may have been devoted to polishing and pruning and eyebrow-plucking once the first version has been committed to paper. By the same token, it is hard to believe that anyone could have the facility to write an ode all at once, all while you are in one mood. And if you did, the result would be none too happy, since it would lack that very flexibility which is the distinctive charm of this form.

In any case, Father Garesché has written four odes on Niagara Falls, and their cadences come as a pleasure to the ear. Of course there are lines to be criticized, and his use of exclamation points is so annoyingly frequent as to constitute a major blemish. Yet anyone with a feel for such verse will find here much to reward them, and one can do little better than submit a specimen of Father Garesché's achievement.

> Oh, the wild wonder of the vast emotion
> Of the perturbed wave,
> That cries and wanders like the fearful ocean,
> Seeking, with none to save!
> In their wide agony the rapids roam,
> A world of woe, a universe of pain,
> The vexed, tumultuous clamor of their foam
> Crying to God with agonized refrain,
> Where the sad rocks their quivering summits hide
> In the loud anguish of the refluent tide.

More Books of the Week

Thomas Wolfe's Letters to his Mother. Scribner's. $3.00.

EVERYONE who admired Thomas Wolfe as a writer, or loved him as a man, had better read this book as soon as possible. It was never any secret that the portrait of "Miss Eliza" in his first, and possibly, best novel, "Look Homeward Angel," was that of his mother; it was she who kept every scrap of his constant correspondence with her, from an Asheville letter in 1909 beginning: "I was promoted to the 4th A grade from 3 B, and so was Fred" to her laconic foot-note on his death in Seattle, attended by James Stevens: "And he took him to his doctor." With that short sentence ends a precious and intensely poignant volume, as long, let us say, as one of his briefer novels. It has an introduction, with some revealing notes, by Professor John S. Terry who was his best friend during the N. Y. U. phase, and who is writing a biography, another absolute "must" for everyone who cares for Wolfe.

Late Publications

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The "Fred" mentioned in the grade-school letter above was his eldest surviving brother, introduced as "Luke," the sailor in "Look Homeward Angel"; and indeed these letters reveal that this, and all of Tom's subsequent novels, were even more startlingly personal than they appeared on first reading. The unforgettable figure of the boy Ben in the first book was really another brother, Benjamin Harrison Wolfe, who died. ("Life at home practically ceased to be possible for me when Ben died. Strangers we are born into the world, as Ben was, alone and strange, and we die without really knowing anyone.")

After reading these letters, one is convinced that Tom was closer to his mother than anyone on earth, that he knew his debt, and was alive to his identity with her. Somewhat like Arthur Rimbaud, despite the latter's derelict and ghastly existence, there was in him a terrific and beautiful family feeling. Mother and son were arrestingly alike, save perhaps in their respective attitudes toward property and money. ("I am getting a little tired of being told what a famous author I am, and then having to worry from week to week where the rent is coming from.") "There was never any doubt in the mind of either," writes Professor Terry, "as to the value of their lives. Mrs. Wolfe is convinced that through giving her son to the world, she has contributed to civilization." And has she not? Despite the Santayanas and other professional Beauty-muggers who scamper about like mice in a vacuum denouncing poets like Browning and Whitman as "barbarians," no lover of Thomas Wolfe will deny his mother's conviction.

One of the more striking things in these letters, considering their author's just repute for a certain redundancy, is their extreme pithiness of utterance. He wrote for his mother's eyes alone as he never wrote for his public, and despite my admiration for him as a novelist, I can't but feel that here he writes better. Here are some samples of this novel quality. On Harvard University "There are a lot of freaks, and it is no place for a man to start college." (One recalls the savagely devastating picture of the hole in "Of Time and the River.") On the French *bourgeois*: "I suppose, like all nations, we have our vulgarities; but I have seen no people more vulgar in manners, speech or tone than the French middle class." On religion: "Almost I am tempted to say that I *will* believe in God in spite of the church and the ministers." On the Damned: "Only fools and stupid swine rush around bellowing about happiness—something no one ever had, something that never existed. But some of us may do something with our lives before our flesh must fill the mouth of worms; others are born into Hell, and carry Hell with them like a torch." On his mother: "All the critics in the world may say my book is good, but a man's own mother will *know*."

Like all people who live every moment with the maximum of sensibility and, consequently, of tension, Tom often suffered, and more than once he wrote in this book: "I believe the only things that can stop me now are insanity, disease or death." The last claimed him as it will us all—but how prematurely! Once in these letters he expressed something that puts him very close, at least, momentarily, to the Saints. "When I go to sleep at night, when I wake in the morning, I am conscious of the weight of my *gratitude;* and this is the spur that drives me on." Well, as Swinburne wrote of Lord Byron: "He was a great man, good in many things, and now he has attained this also, to be at rest." CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Greek Reader. Compiled and Edited by A. L. Whall. Doubleday, Doran. $5.00.

DURING the last war Robert Bridges published an anthology called *The Spirit of Man* in which, starting with the idea that "man is a spiritual being and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit," the poet tried to represent the entire globe of man's experience in quotations from the thinkers and poets of our civilization. It was a remarkable aim and provided a memorable anthology which went to France in the luggage of many an English soldier during that war.

Mr. Whall's anthology, though different in aim, is the nearest thing to Bridge's book of selections that this war has seen. Its aim is to exhibit the whole range of the Greek spirit by selected passages not only from the Greek epics and their lyric and dramatic poetry, but from comedy, history, philosophy and oratory. It is something to find in one volume Simondes's two-line epitaph on the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae, a drinking song by Anacreon, long passages from Homer and Aristophanes, selections from the tragedies and Aristotle's discussion of utilitarian versus liberal education. Mr. Whall's method is a topical arrangement. His brief headings are singularly successful in giving a sense of context to each selection. The result is a very well ordered 874 pages, typographically clear and pleasant, in not too large or heavy a volume. As to the selection, Mr. Whall demonstrates his right to follow his own taste and judgment: I only note with regret the omission of Plutarch and Polybius, for which he no doubt had his reasons.

But if Mr. Whall's literary appreciation is on a very high level, he is unfortunately no philosopher. He demonstrates this in his introduction where he angrily scolds the modern world and exalts the Greeks, in a manner oddly out of spirit with the Greek sense of moderation. This is too bad, for the force of the Greek achievement is lost or at least blurred if the reader is led to think of them as angelic heroes rather than men. Mr. Whall is guilty of overdramatizing contrasts which undoubtedly exist. He says, for example, that the Greeks "set their hearts and their wills, their whole beings, against riches in any material guise" which is an odd introduction to the calm realism of Aristotle's words in the Nicomathean Ethics on the relation of external prosperity to happiness. The Greeks did not despise material wealth: they were too intelligent. What they do offer—and this is a very different thing—is a point of view that, having estimated the worth of material wealth, does not overrate it or suppose it can do what it cannot do. This is one example of a curiously unbalanced praise of Greek balance that mars a book one has otherwise to be greatly thankful for.

E. P. RICHARDSON.

An Invitation to Spanish. Margarita Madrigal and Ezequias Madrigal. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

"QUÉ es un autor? Un autor es una persona que escribe libros, artículos o poemas." Qué es este libro? Es un libro de cuarenta y cuatro conversaciones ilustradas sobre las plantas y los animales, el cuerpo humano, la familia, los alimentos, la ciudad, la agricultura, las ocupaciones, el comercio, adverbios de tiempo y muchas otras cosas. Es un medio agradable de aprender el lenguaje de los Españoles y de la mayor parte de los Americanos latinos. Como usted lo vea, no es muy difícil.

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The Inner Forum

Peace Aims

THE Catholic Association for International Peace is at present actively engaged in discussing and formulating the outlines of a just and enduring peace. Two of its recent committee reports, which are available at ten cents each at 1312 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington, D. C., are entitled "America's Peace Aims" and "The World Society"; they have just been translated into Spanish and Portuguese for distribution to Latin America. "Transition from War to Peace" is now in the hands of the printer. "Inter-American Collaboration" is complete enough soon to be submitted to the CAIP Inter-American Committee. The next two reports to be published are now in the preliminary discussion stage "Peace Aims for the United Nations" and "Social Justice and International Organization."

Instead of the annual spring meeting of the Association a series of three regional meetings were held in order to cooperate with the Office of Defense Transportation. The Washington meeting (April 26) was a real all-day affair with Trinity College serving as host until 5:15 P. M., and the National Catholic School of Social Service taking over for the evening sessions. "Social Justice and the United Nations" was the theme and it included international organization, relief and rehabilitation, the organization of international economic life and the education of the post-war world.

The New York regional meeting (May 1) at the De Porres Interracial Center was a more modest affair which ended in the late afternoon; it was called to discuss "The Papal Peace Program and International Cooperation." Except for discussion of the problem of Africa it dealt primarily with such aspects of the subject as international order vs. anarchy, limitation of national sovereignty and the problem of an international police force. There was also treatment of the Atlantic Charter and the Inter-American Juridical Committee's plan.

The Chicago meeting (May 8) at Rosary College, River Forest, Ill., was even more frank in coming out against isolationism. Some of the leading topics were: "Isolationism, Balance of Power, or Collective Security"; "Isolationism and American Opinion"; "Isolationism and Catholic Opinion." Archbishop Stritch of Chicago was scheduled to speak at the midday session.

CONTRIBUTORS

Hector Inauchastegui CABRAL is a popular Santo Domingo poet. This poem, translated by Margaret H. Harrison of San Francisco, Cal., is one more indication of the caliber of present-day Latin American poetry.

Floyd DELL is the author of a number of books beginning with "Mooncalf" and "The Briary Bush."

Donald ATTWATER, at present lecturing before the British Armed Forces, is an authority on the Liturgy, the Eastern Churches, etc. He is a contributing editor of THE COMMONWEAL.

Cuthbert WRIGHT is a literary critic who teaches at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

E. P. RICHARDSON is Assistant Director of the Detroit Institute of Art.

Your heart is merciful - -

MEDICAL MISSIONS make a perpetual appeal to those who pity suffering bodies and souls. Read the letters of the missionary Bishops, published in *Medical Mission News* every other month, and you will realize the needs of the suffering millions to whom we minister. When the war is over the appeals will be multiplied. An offering that seems small to you will bring to one of these rest from pain, comfort in suffering. This charity is the golden key which unlocks the hearts of the pagans. One group of Sisters brought a thousand pagan criminals, on the very eve of their wholesale execution, to ask with tears for baptism. What a harvest of souls in a few days!

A HUNDRED COMMUNITIES of men and women, and many missionary priests and Bishops besides, working in a thousand mission stations, in our own and other lands, have been aided, will be helped again. "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." (St. Matthew: 25, 40.)

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS to The Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President of The Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th St., New York, N. Y.

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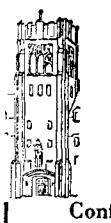

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